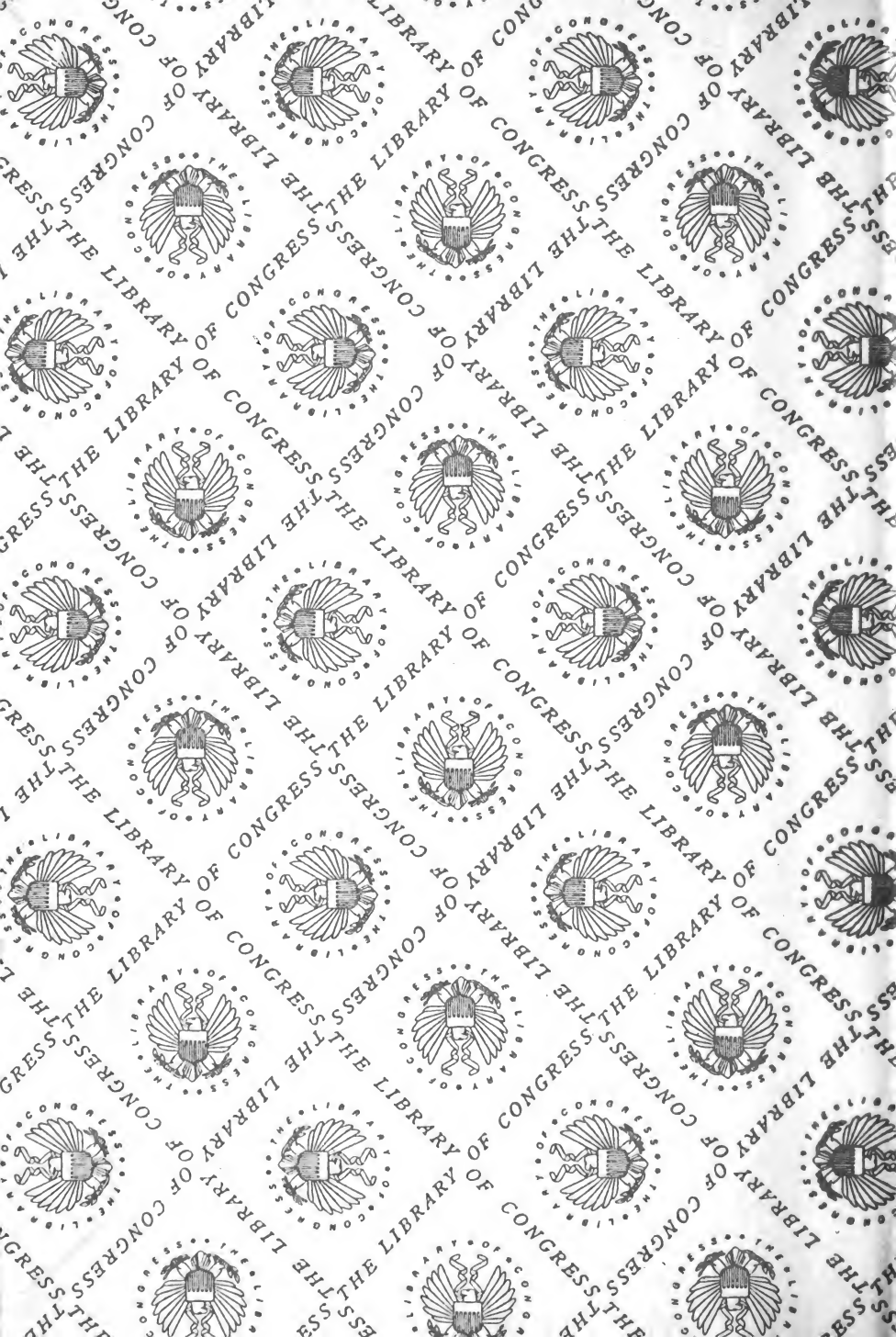
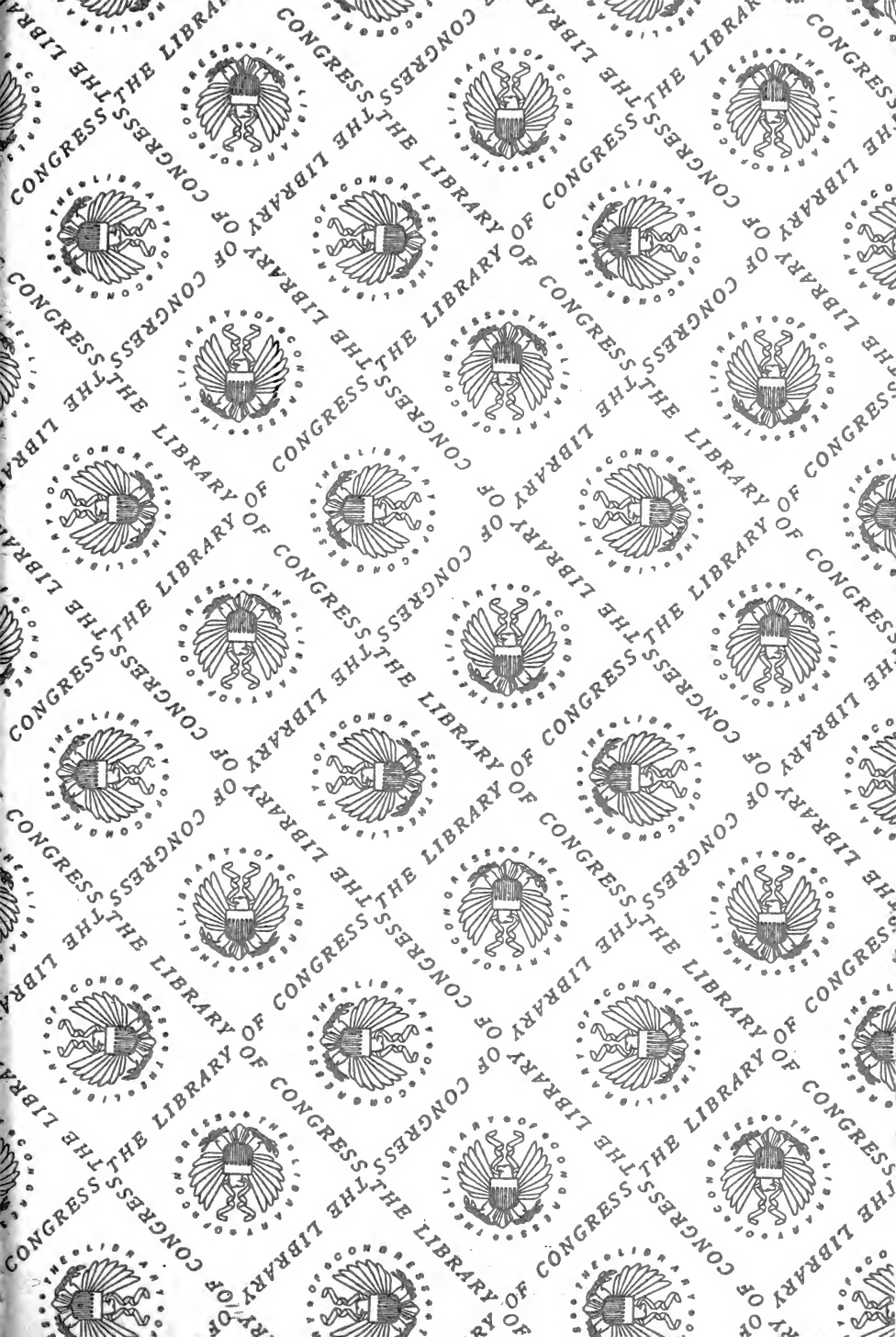


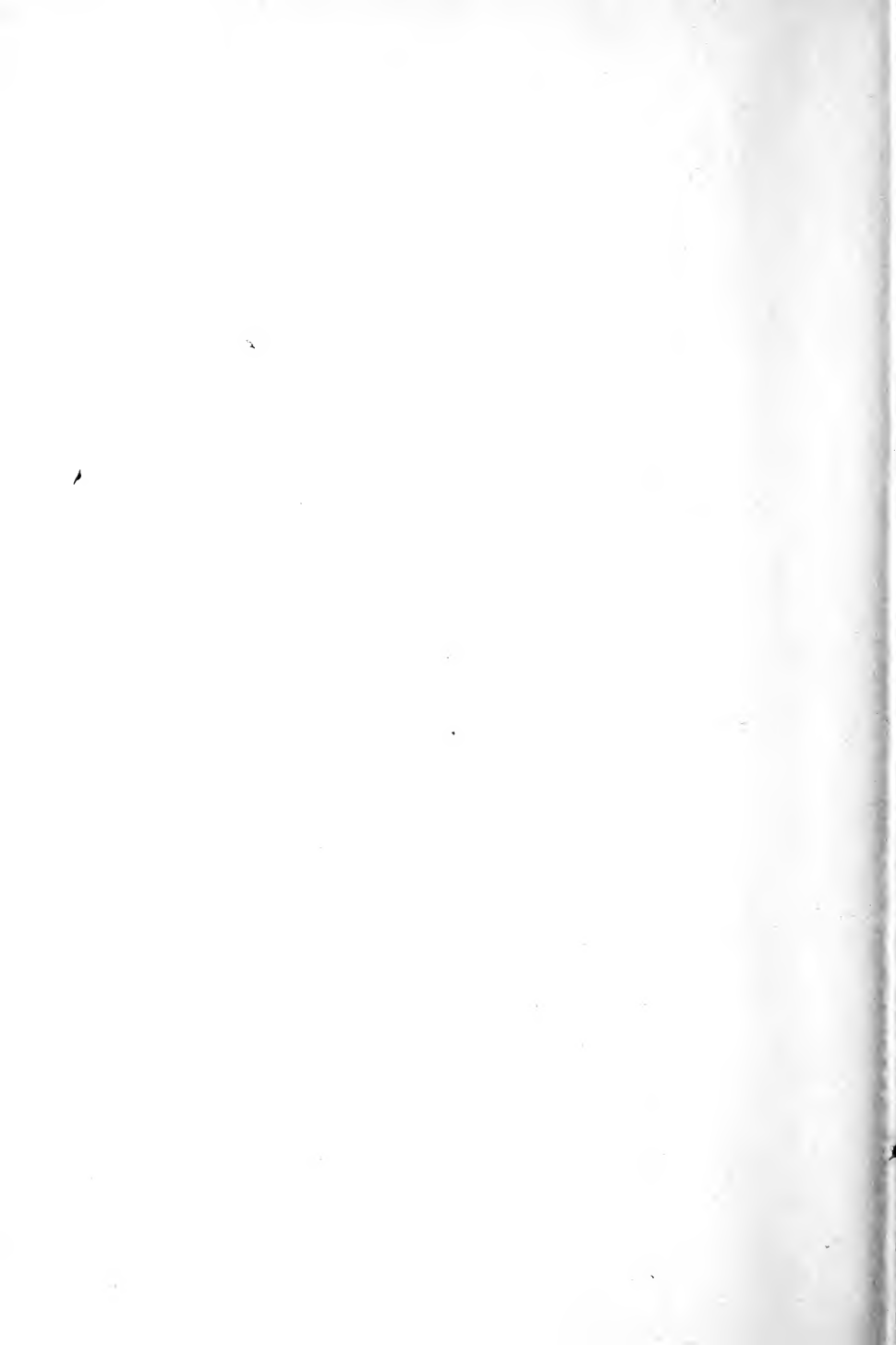
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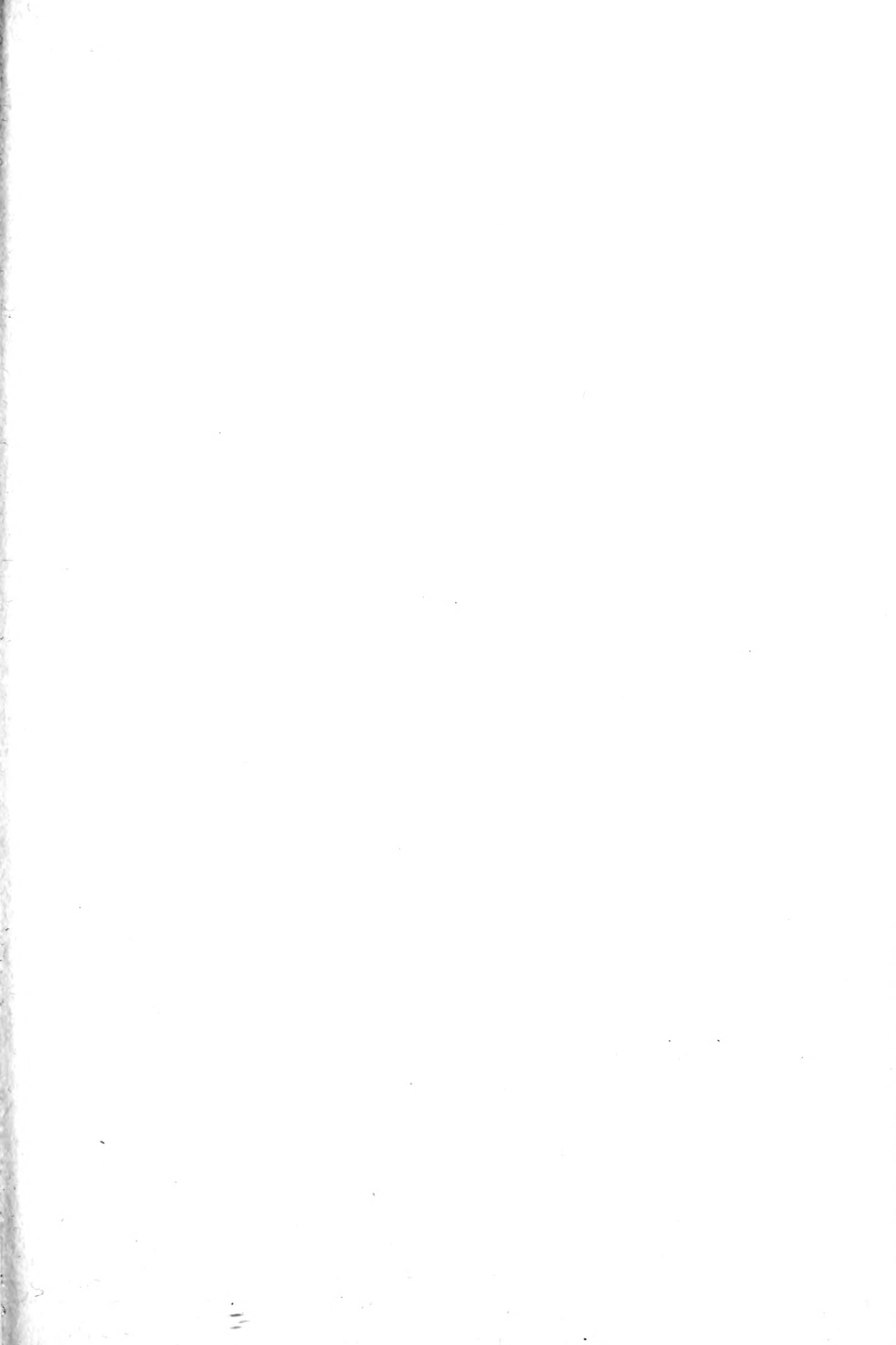
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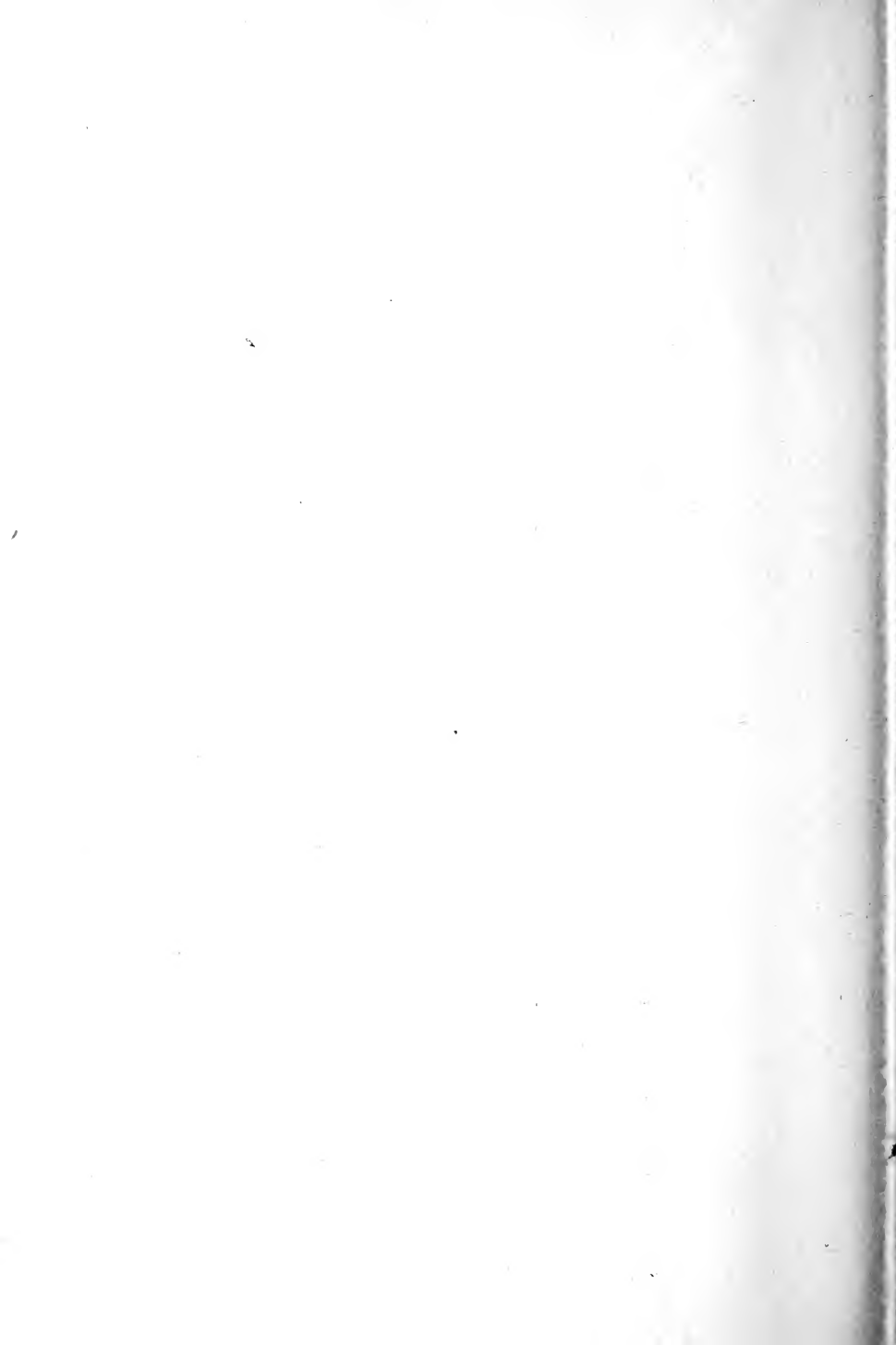
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Actual Experience of Richard L. Mills

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*The*  
Round Trip  
*to*  
France

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*“A Soldier’s Diary  
Set to Rhyme”*

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Services Rendered by  
RICHARD L. MILLS

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Composed and Written  
by  
ROSIE M. MYER  
RICHARD L. MILLS

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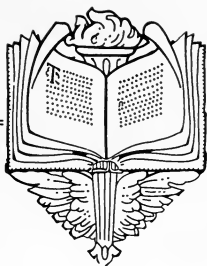
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## Dedication

*In HONOR of my FELLOW-  
SOLDIERS I dedicate my book;*

*In HONOR of my MOTHER  
that on these lines may look;*

*In HONOR of my FRIENDS  
both near and far away;*

*In HONOR of my SERVICE  
I gave the U. S. A.*







The ELEVENTH hour the firing ceased,  
The soldier boys would get relief,  
The ELEVENTH day of the ELEVENTH month,  
The Yankees were sure to leave the front.



# The Round Trip to France

---

Enthused to be a soldier, I thought I'd take a chance,  
So I became enlisted, and took a trip to France.  
This was the ninth of June, the truth to you I'll tell,  
The year nineteen and seventeen, you all remember well.  
Being assigned to Company F, of the 7th U. S. Engineers,  
I took my place in line without a thought of fear.  
From Fort Logan, Colorado to Leavenworth was sent,  
Received our first drilling in which our time was spent.  
Our uniforms received, 'twas on the twenty-third,  
The boys put them on without a single word.  
Big athletic contest by the Army on the Fourth,  
A different celebration than we were used to, now of course.  
August twelfth, my soldier birthday, spent training there  
in camp,  
Ere we crossed the wide, wide water, the place we went in  
France.  
"A furlough I received" but then it did not last,  
I saw my friends once more, it was my Christmas pass.  
January first, the New Year's dinner it was fine,  
But when it was all over we had to get in line.  
February first, I became a private, and did my duty well,  
The duty of a private, a soldier boy can tell.  
Fort Leavenworth we're leaving, in Chicago we did dine,  
March first, we reached New Jersey, once more we get in  
line.  
Drilled at Camp Merritt, 'till the water we would cross,  
When the waves grew higher, higher on the water we did  
toss.  
While at Camp Merritt we thought it very fine,  
Once more into the kitchen, I took my place in line.

We drilled here and exercised for two weeks every day,  
Until the time would come to get started on our way.  
The coffee it was weak, the bacon it was strong,  
The soldiers' knees began to knock, they marched us right  
along.

March fifteenth, we crossed the River, 'twas on a ferry boat,  
Were leaving home and loved ones, boys it was no joke.

ORDUNA was the ship's name, at last we loaded on,  
To cross the wide, wide water amid the calm and storm.

Twenty-first, we got so sea-sick, alas! we could not eat,  
Our stomachs were empty, and couldn't use our feet.

Twenty-sixth, Sergeant Flose passes over, and bids this  
world adieu,

Gave his all to the U. S. A. as may soldiers do.

Twenty-eighth, we docked in Liverpool, a place you know  
quite well,

It's a long, long way from home, the truth to you I'll tell.

Disembarked on Good Friday, and loaded on the train,

Winchester, England was the place to which we came.

The English put us on half rations, thought they'd try us  
out,

But we were young and rugged, they found us very stout.

The English were in charge, remember at this time,

We were waiting tables when e'er we went to dine.

And when we heard the chow call, down to the beans we'd  
rush,

While we were eating jam upon a fine brown crust.

April fifth, we departed South Hampton for to see,

April sixth, as I remember, we were docked at La Harve.

Hiked five miles without our breakfast, finally reaching  
camp,

This is our first time that we dined in France.

Twelve men to the tent were what they did allow,

Twelve-thirty was the time, when we got our army chow.

The rain came down in torrents as in our tent we lay,

But we were very weary and slept 'till break of day.

It was here we saw the prisoners, five hundred Boche in all,  
We began to realize what the army meant to all.  
April seventh, we broke camp at exactly four P. M.,  
Hiking for the station to be loaded once again.  
Thirty-six men to the box car was loaded on the track,  
A forty-eight hour ride, our sleeping we did lack.  
April ninth, we were unloaded upon the soil in France,  
Received our barracks bags, for which gave thanks.  
Our first mail came on the nineteenth day,  
From our friends and loved ones far away.  
How the boys did shout when they got the mail,  
The only letters since before they set sail.  
The twentieth of April, we received a treat,  
Of hot cakes and coffee, all we could eat.  
The twenty-second of April, it rained all day,  
Which relieved us from duty, so I will say.  
The Five Heron Sisters visit the Y. M. C. A.,  
The twenty-fourth of April, I remember the day,  
They came from New York, you must understand,  
Very best concert from the grand old land.  
Next we received rubber boots and over-sea caps,  
Were prepared and anxious now for a scrap.  
Finished mustering and a lesson in French,  
So as to be ready when we hit the trench.  
May fifteenth, second pay day you know,  
The day of days we look for roll around slow.  
I am kitchen police and assist the cook,  
You are taught by practice don't need any book.  
Mess orderly the next job given to me,  
Waiting on officers, like Adams, you see.  
A nut party next at the Y. M. C. A.,  
Some fun we had at the close of the day.  
The hulls we saved and placed in the beds,  
I forget just now the half that they said.

Five letters received the last day of May,  
We greeted the mail with a whoop and Hurrah.  
The month that just ended was certainly fine,  
With no mud, no rain, but just sunshine.  
Three months time, I think was correct,  
Spent near Rimaucourt, a hospital to erect.  
The thirtieth of June, on the train we loaded,  
And moved close to where the shells exploded.  
The Anould Sector was where we were bound,  
A five hour hike ere we reached the town.  
We were quite weary from carrying the pack,  
For the load is heavy when put on your back.  
At Le Tholy the FOURTH, but no chicken as planned,  
Just plain eggs and bacon without cake or ham.  
Fourteenth of July, the Birthday of France,  
They celebrated it by using the lance.  
We departed Le Tholy on the fifteenth of July,  
At seven P. M. Monday we reached St. Die.  
We were sent in trucks to arrive on time,  
For we were nearing the old border line.  
For the roar of the battle would soon begin,  
I remember yet, such a clatter and din.  
Seventeenth of August, such a roar we heard,  
To think of hearing was all absurd.  
Five days of this, we stood the grief,  
Then by others we took our relief.  
Four nights marching to St. Nabord we had,  
We reached there, we certainly were glad.  
Three days we spent at the place just named,  
Then to Villacourt, a place to be trained.  
One week we drilled and done our best,  
To get in trim when put to the test.  
We marched to St. Miheil sixth of September,  
It was a five nights march I well remember.

The front we reached, it rained every night,  
Roads were muddy, our clothes were a sight .  
The night of the drive we slept in the woods,  
Or rather we stayed, would slept if we could.  
The tents we pitched, you will now understand,  
For we were there on the old border land.  
Were at Saint Jean and the rain still fell,  
We were tired and cold and wet, as well.  
The war began at twelve five that night,  
I'll ne'er forget that awful sight.  
We knew quite well the war had begun,  
And many a Mother must lose her son.  
The shells over-head were passing by,  
No sleep that night, no use to try.  
The morn of the twelfth we marched right on,  
As soon as daylight began to dawn,  
To the first aid Station to view the men,  
And get our instructions new once again.  
We viewed the prisoners wounded there,  
Wounded and moaning, I'll declare.  
Nine long hours the cannons had roared,  
All of this time the aero-planes soared.  
The Doughboys next go over the top,  
Not turning back, or once did they stop.  
Till six kilometers advance they make,  
Sixteen thousand prisoners at one rake.  
We talked with them as they gathered about,  
Ate some of their bread, it was all dried out.  
A Boche soldier officer, a Red Cross at that,  
Carried our wounded soldier astride of his back.  
The soldier just laughed as he rode him in,  
"A Boche beats walking, when wounded," said Jim.  
Afternoon we advance and trenches we filled,  
We knew quite well a road we must build.



"Across 'no man's land' we must have a road,  
To move artillery and the heavy load."

Across "no man's land" we must have a road,  
To move artillery and the heavy load.  
We push artillery at night, but alas!  
Here we received our first dose of gas.  
A Hun aero-plane soaring up over-head,  
Brought down two balloons it was said.  
We pushed artillery two more nights,  
The enemy now would soon be in sight.  
Advancing still more to establish a line,  
I remember quite well at five we did dine.  
Doughboys in trenches, advised of the gas,  
Were ready for the Hun and put on the mask.  
The boys in trenches were tired that night,  
Were relieved by others to take up the fight.  
Next move made with the heavy load,  
Was near Thiaucourt to clean up the road.  
Mud and water were thrown in the ditch,  
Worked here with a shovel, this tried our grit.  
Dinner out of camp, our luck that day,  
Ate all the rations that came in our way.  
Shells fell to the right that afternoon,  
Some of our number would be wounded soon.  
Afternoon shells pass over, give us a chance,  
But crippled three men as we came into camp.  
Two days Mr. Fugle struggled with life,  
Then passed away 'mid the battle and strife.  
Months passed away the others returned,  
To comrades they left for whom they had yearned.  
Twenty feet, the distance I was from this shell,  
I am glad I was spared the story to tell.  
Twenty-fourth of September, still worked on the road,  
Cleaning it up for the heavier load.  
At nine P. M. was relieved from the front.  
Hiked twenty kilometers, a long hike for once,

Reached Rosieres-en-Haye at three A. M.  
Thought here once more to rest again,  
No laundry done for three weeks time,  
Thought here once more our clothes would shine.  
Our clothes in water, soon to be starched,  
When we got orders for a hurry up march,  
Our clothes we carried wet from the tub,  
Which the wash-lady only had time to rub.  
This was a soldier's life, you see,  
Especially when he belonged to Company C.  
But we were soldiers of the Grand U. S. A.,  
And was willing to aid from day to day.  
One day spent at Limy, fixing the road,  
At night we marched with our heavy load.  
The Huns shell us at Limy, I must state,  
A trench here we took, this was their fate.  
Back to Corneville twenty-eighth of September,  
Twenty-two kilometers hike I well remember.  
A large barn here was a welcome sight,  
We rested here at least four nights.  
Drilled and cleaned up, now I must say,  
And visted here at the Y. M. C. A.  
Twelve kilometer hike from Corneville,  
To Void, near Toul, ere we reach Nixeville.  
This time to Verdun we were bound,  
At three A. M. were on the ground.  
Up a big hill we pick our way,  
To the barracks there to sleep 'till day.  
A bath once more, which we desired,  
While at Nixeville, ere we retired.  
The woods were dense, barracks hid from view,  
From the aero-planes and the enemy too,  
Then a few hours sleep we did enjoy,  
With naught to wake us or annoy.

On October 3rd, as we hiked for Esnes,  
’Twas here the soldiers did not complain,  
They pitched their tent, but for one night,  
Next morning rolled their packs and hiked.  
To Dead Man’s Hill we next did go,  
Our tents pitched in a large shell hole.  
Road work was next on October fourth,  
For the Beaucoup traffic now of course.  
Two hundred fifty planes now pass o’er,  
To see what the Boche had there in store.  
Esnes was a French town, destroyed by Huns,  
’Twas here our troubles once more begun.  
The Germans here one shell did throw,  
But failed to reach us quite, you know.  
Five days rock carried to fix the road,  
So as to get by with the heavy load.  
The stars above us shone out bright,  
As we slept in shell holes five nights.  
Only eight men could eat at one time,  
For fear the Hun might get the line,  
The Officers thought best eight men to lose,  
Than the whole Company, and the Officers too.  
The trench, our resting place at night,  
As we prepared once more to fight.  
“Relieved from duty we march once more,  
Beyond Montfaucon, as ordered before.”  
Dig holes, pitch-tents and the like,  
Next morning leave packs and hike.  
To Cunel, we march, ten kilometers away,  
This happened on the thirtieth day.  
To this we found no real objection,  
For here the woods were our protection.  
The Huns were as near as they could be,  
But we got busy now, don’t you see.



"Relieved from duty we march once more,  
Beyond Montfaucon as ordered before."

All but Company C go over the top,  
At Madeleine farm without a stop.  
Company C was left the road to fix,  
So artillery could move up quick.  
Thirty-first of October, the Halloween joke,  
The Hun got shrapnel and plenty of smoke.  
A corduroy road we built out of tree,  
Wood the enemy could not detect, you see.  
Road work next in Cunel, the first of November,  
Huns shelling, we returned three P. M., I remember.  
The Great Argonne drive was now begun,  
The place where we had to fight or run.  
We worked so late without stopping to dine,  
The mess sergeant once more came down the line.  
At the half-way Station by chance we meet,  
Hot cakes and coffee, all we could eat.  
A bridge we were building on that afternoon,  
It was dark and raining, couldn't finish so soon.  
On the third of November we rested all day,  
Not a scrap of paper, couldn't write I'll say.  
At nine-thirty that night we woke from our slumber,  
Not just a part, but the whole of our number.  
A very important duty, so it was said,  
Capt. Myers being sick, by whom we were led,  
But Gates took his place, so no time was lost,  
To build the bridge on which we must cross.  
"Briellules, the place to which we were sent,  
On the canal and river Meuse a bridge to invent."  
It was raining hard, the night dark and dreary,  
We marched right on, although we were weary.  
Holding to comrades in front to keep in line,  
Regardless of cost, must reach there on time.  
Repeat, wire, shell-hole, or what e'er might be,  
So others wouldn't stumble and fall, don't you see.



"Brieulles the place to which we were sent  
On the canal and river Muese, a bridge to invent."

Six kilometers we hiked, trying our Company to shield,  
We were stopped South of Briulles, out in a field.  
A two hours rest in the field was compelling,  
Briulles, by the Huns, now were still shelling.  
At midnight two kilometers back we did hike,  
And rested the remainder of that terrible night.  
The ground being muddy, no place to lie down,  
We were wet and cold, not a star to shine down.  
A radiator of a truck, my bed that night,  
Light packs and raincoats, no cover in sight.  
The Company almost froze, for I will long remember,  
That this awful night was the third of November.  
The morning dawned, we went back to Camp,  
Stayed 'till two-thirty, then we advance.  
Our picks and shovels we must carry,  
The French were ready, we could not tarry.  
The boats now ready and the infantry too,  
Company A at work, we soon pass thru.  
"The shells still falling as we marched through the city,  
As we viewed the ruins it seemed such a pity,"  
The road near the river, we now must repair,  
And assist with the boats in a canal over there.  
The footings completed, the infantry now pass,  
To get near the Hun which were there in a mass.  
Machine guns were active, we were almost astounded,  
When a doughboy shouted "Oh, I am wounded."  
They carried him back, this will I mention,  
To where he got aid and also attention.  
At four-thirty A. M. Company C passes over,  
A bank for protection, dig holes for a cover.  
No supper that night, the battle was roaring,  
No breakfast next morning, the planes were soaring.  
We stayed in the holes our only protection,  
At three P. M. hard-tack eaten without objection.



"The shells still falling as we marched through the city,  
As we viewed the ruins, it seemed such a pity."

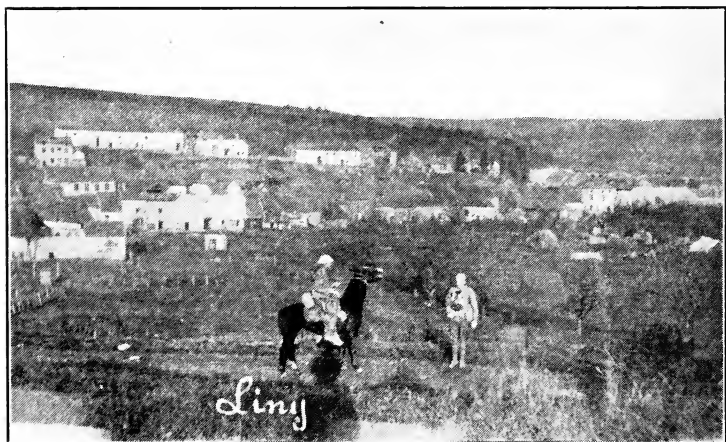
We go over the top on the sixth of November,  
Exploding mines our duty, I still remember.  
The infantry passed on, nine kilometers they made,  
Pushing the enemy back that had tried to invade.  
Two men's belongings were here tied together,  
And hauled to the canal, regardless of weather.  
Some lost their belongings amid all this rush,  
Some of the boys sat down then and cussed.  
Next was road work, on canal, in Liny too,  
Eight kilometers hike to Fontaines when through.  
Boche quarters here we reached once more,  
Taking possession of things in store.  
This was much better, now I must say,  
Than quarters we had for many a day.  
Worked roads south of Fontaines the eighth of November,  
Ate a corn Willie dinner, I well remember.  
Reached camp at four-thirty, dark and still raining,  
Eat supper was the order, for we were in training,  
Draw reserve ration and roll up your pack,  
Were ready to go when they ordered us back.  
We enjoyed the rest and slept that night,  
It was raining so hard that the roads were a sight.  
Next morning we marched through Murvaux to work,  
On a narrow gauge railroad, we did not shirk.  
The eleventh infantry advance, four P. M. again,  
And we reach Boche Huts, we did not complain.  
For the shells fell near us all of that night,  
And these Boche huts, to us, were a welcome sight.  
The Company with the regiment was now ordered up,  
'Twas eight-thirty A. M. we leave the Boche huts.  
Light packs we make and forward we go,  
To a place near Louppy to combat the foe.  
Fourth platoon in the Bois-de-Remoiville at work,  
First and second, building a bridge, did not shirk.

One kilometer west of Louppy, near the road,  
Huns placed five shells there to explode.  
We turn to the left and cross the stream,  
Turning back to the river when we were seen.  
By our Captain from Louppy saying, "Company down"  
Just our third platoon were on the ground.  
We jerked our breech covers, prepared for a fight,  
Huns threw over a barrage, that was a sight.  
We were ordered out, went back to the wood,  
We took care of ourselves the best we could.  
There was lots of traffic, the roads were lined,  
With thirteenth M. G. Fords to arrive on time.  
Animal trains were a plenty, 'tis One P. M.  
Just before we reached the woods again.  
A Boche plane viewed it all and tried to bomb,  
It failed to explode, which helped us some.  
The Hun artillery threw beaucoup shells,  
Which caught our troops and train as well,  
Here killing one officer and two other men,  
Wounding thirteen others, besides animals then.  
We drew rations and coffee, when a shell got our cook,  
Another shell fell near ere a few steps we took.  
West side of the woods, rest of our Company was found,  
We trenched ourselves here a while in the ground.  
This was the TENTH of November, I remember well,  
No tents were pitched, the truth, I'll tell.  
The night was frosty, we slept on the ground,  
They shelled and bombed the country 'round.  
My worst night in the Army, I will say,  
Each man responsible for his life till day.  
The woods were now left, ere twilight fell,  
We received no more of the enemies shell.  
For November the ELEVENTH was "Armistice Day,"  
The news came while at breakfast, now I must say.

The hurrahs that were given were very loud,  
They almost seemed to ascend to the clouds.  
We continued road work to Louppy, when ordered to stop,  
We were certainly glad, the shovels to drop.  
"The ELEVENTH hour the firing ceased,  
The soldier boys would get relief,  
The ELEVENTH day of the ELEVENTH month,  
The Yankees were sure to leave the front."  
The Allies will never forget this day,  
As well as others and the U. S. A.  
It was a joy no tongue can ever tell,  
To the soldier boy and home as well.  
"Those whiz bang shells, no more pass by,  
No Mother's son need fight or die."  
We next went to Louppy, a warehouse we found,  
Took homes in Boche huts, didn't sleep on the ground.  
Flares were sent up by both sides that night.  
We slept very sound, without fear or fright.  
The tenth of November, darkest day in the army,  
Eleventh the best, for we were in harmony.  
The twelfth we were on burial detail at Jametz,  
A day the soldiers will never forget.  
"The thirteenth hiked back, to the river Meuse,  
Pitch tents at Liny, count those we lose,"  
Sixteenth November, on orders we wait.  
These were the orders, now I will state,  
"Dig in eighteen inches below the surface," they said,  
In order to pitch tents and fix up a bed.  
Next came tent inspection, at one P. M.  
Fall in under arms one hour, then out again.  
We next march to Liny, a bath to take,  
No water was found, our bath was a fake.  
We next march to Dun and no water there,  
We return to camp quite tired, I declare.



"Those whiz bang shells no more pass by,  
No Mother's son must fight or die."



"The thirteenth hiked back, to the river Meuse,  
Pitch tents at Liny, count those we lose."

“Roll packs and eat supper,” the orders came next,  
“One squad fill the holes,” the soldiers were vexed.  
We were left behind, the rest marched on,  
Reach Fontaines at midnight, our duty done.  
At Fontaines a bath we get once more,  
For plenty of water was there in store.  
Oh Joy! we were glad, the nineteenth of November,  
We could write to loved ones, I remember,  
And send our address, not “somewhere in France.”  
But the name of the town as we advance.  
We now camp at Louppy but for one night,  
The next morning roll our pack and hike.  
Twenty-eight kilometers, we hike though it rains,  
But a soldier is taught to never complain.  
Six hours we hike ere we stop to dine,  
Thirty-five soldiers had fallen out of line.  
Our shoes were of the English make,  
Not made for comfort, but for style’s sake.  
I fell out once, then changed my mind,  
For I did not want to be left behind.  
I hurried on though my feet were sore,  
To catch my comrades, gone before.  
Twenty-seventh, special duty, troops go by train,  
Once more I hike eighteen kilometers again.  
Our packs were hauled and I lost mine,  
I was K. P. when e’er we dined.  
Thanksgiving day in Rehon we spent,  
Near Luxemburg we were content.  
A store house here, with pickles and jam,  
Left by the Germans for Uncle Sam.  
I was on guard the first of December,  
The second was pay day, I remember.  
From Rehon to Sandweiler we depart by truck,  
We get to view Luxemburg, this was our luck.

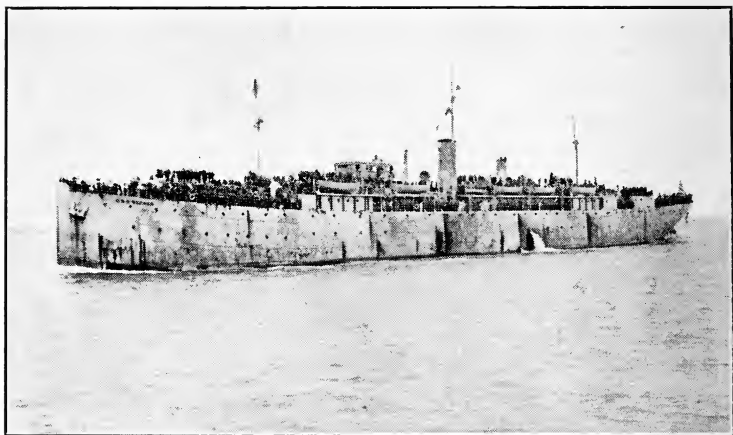
Seventeenth of December at eight A. M.,  
We take our packs and hike again.  
This time at Rumelange, near Esch, we land,  
'Twas a six hour hike, a sandwich at hand.  
Here we make our home 'till on July the eighth,  
The year Nineteen and nineteen, now I'll state,  
The thirtieth of December was the Divisional Parade,  
In which the D. S. C. men did engage  
January first a holiday, in the Kuraal Hall  
Prize fighting and program the best of all  
My platoon go to Sanem on the second day,  
Was on detach service, a month to stay.  
We now move to Bascharge before we stop,  
To an ammunition hut and move it out.  
The Germans had this for us in store,  
But they had moved on as oft before.  
January fourth my Christmas box came,  
It did not seem just quite the same.  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
Oft I sat in France and pondered  
If the loved ones over there  
Was offering up a daily prayer.  
Or if they longed for our return,  
This is a lesson they must learn.  
The concert given by the Artillery band,  
It could not be beaten in any land.  
Company A relieves us, we return again  
This time by truck, there was no train.  
Big inspection by Ely, on February third,  
I next go on guard, post five, not a word.  
The shows were enjoyed by the Yanks in France,  
We heard the Artillery Band by chance.  
The K. of C. and the whiz bang show,  
Were extra fine, we all did go.

President Wilson now to Brest arrives,  
To see if he could not contrive,  
A peace treaty with the Council there,  
And end the war, that had been declared.  
The Liberty Bells to you I will mention,  
The soldiers to this gave all their attention,  
Played by four American girls and a man I'll say,  
This made us think of friends so far away.  
H. D. Price, my friend, leaves for the U. S. A.  
The twenty-eighth of April he is on his way.  
An honorable discharge to him they grant,  
His duty to the U. S. A. was done in France.  
A two weeks furlough I receive next day,  
I go to Nice a while to stay .  
"Thirtieth of April General Pershing inspects  
The Fifth Division to see if all is correct."  
The day before this the snow fell,  
And covered the ground, 'twas cold as well.  
But we leave for Bettembourg, pass through Metz again,  
And we reach Is-sur-Tille at three-thirty A. M.  
A bath at Is-sur-Tille we did enjoy,  
New clothes were issued, I say "Oh Boy!"  
Next day we pass down the Rhone valley,  
On the P. L. M. railroad, we were so happy.  
Pass Marseilles at noon but keep on our way,  
Till seven P. M. reach Nice where we stay.  
We're assigned to Nations Hotel, a good place to eat,  
Good beds at night, we soon fell asleep.  
We visit the Roman ruined tower the fifth of May,  
Also the gambling Casino the very same day.  
The Q. M. C. and the S. O. S. show, we saw that night,  
Best shows we saw since we went to fight.  
Souvenirs we sent, the seventh of May,  
To our friends and loved ones far away.



"Thirtieth of April General Pershing inspects  
The Fifth division to see if all is correct."

May twelfth we arise, three-fifteen A. M.  
Eat breakfast four-thirty once again.  
Pass Toul and Ragny on St. Mehiel front,  
The towns which were shelled so badly once.  
We reach our Company in Luxemburg,  
This was the news that we had heard,  
That "we for home," now soon would start,  
And from the French we would depart.  
But the orders were cancelled, I'll say to you,  
Our hopes then vanished like the dew.  
Memorial day at Luxemburg in May,  
We will ne'er forget till we are grey.  
Our comrades left behind, although we won,  
Were buried there, their duty done.  
They gave their all to the U. S. A.  
Their friends, their life, we all must say.  
That we might live in peace again,  
Enjoy the freedom they bought with pain.  
The peace treaty signed, twenty-eighth of June,  
Oh Joy! the soldiers won't forget it soon.  
They dream of Mother, Home and Friends,  
So glad the war has come to an end.  
July eighth we hike to Esch, six kilometers away,  
And we pass over the British front that day.  
The fighting is over, we stood the test,  
We are starting now on our way to Brest.  
Forty men to the box car on the track,  
Is the way we ride as we start back.  
Three days the time to arrive in Brest,  
S. O. S. inspection, we stood the test.  
We were leaving France the fifteenth of July,  
We were very happy but need not tell you why.  
"The U. S. S. Radnor at last we loaded on,  
To cross the wide, wide water amid the calm and storm."



"The U. S. S. Radnor at last we loaded on,  
To cross the wide, wide water, amid the calm and storm."

A thirteen days voyage before we did arrive,  
At Hoboken, New Jersey, glad we were alive.  
For we were very sea-sick the day we started out,  
The water very high mid-ocean and the ship tossed about.  
Twenty-eighth of July we landed at Hoboken,  
Many cheers went up, kind words were spoken.  
We fought the battle bravely till victory was gained,  
Then time passed very slowly while in France we were detained.

The last day of July, I remember well the date,  
The breaking up of the Engineers, leaving for their states.  
Many farewells here were spoken as we bade a last adieu,  
With our comrades who were leaving, "Farewell boys, good  
luck to you."

Des Moines, Iowa, was the Camp to which I went,  
August fourth I was discharged, leaving with their consent.  
I hastened home to loved ones, waiting for me there,  
For 'round the family hearth had been three vacant chairs,  
All three of us were brothers who had joined the Stars and  
Stripes,

Early then we had enlisted, was not drafted there to fight.  
Twenty-six months I spent in service, trying hard the flag  
to shield,  
Was twice upon the front in battle where the enemy had to  
yield.

Working roads and building bridges, shells exploding right  
and left.

But I was spared to tell the story, comrades died and laid  
to rest.

They had fought the battle bravely till their life had ebbed  
away,

Many Mothers still are weeping for their sons from day to  
day.

Here my story now is ended and I wish just to recall,  
To my comrades spared in battle, there's a duty yet for all.

In this broad, big world of action there are duties still un-  
done,  
Let us try and help each other, as in the battle we have won.

RICHARD L. MILLS.

Written by Rosie M. Myer,  
Jan. 28, 1922.

### CHANGE STEP

We walk into a restaurant and ask for Café  
Also, des oufs ét jambon,  
For Bread we say "du Pain,"  
With additional "S" il vous play."

Quand fini, we say "combein?"  
Cinq francs trois sous tres bein.  
In U. S. A. these days its always a BILL  
But in Francaise its Frank and Sue.

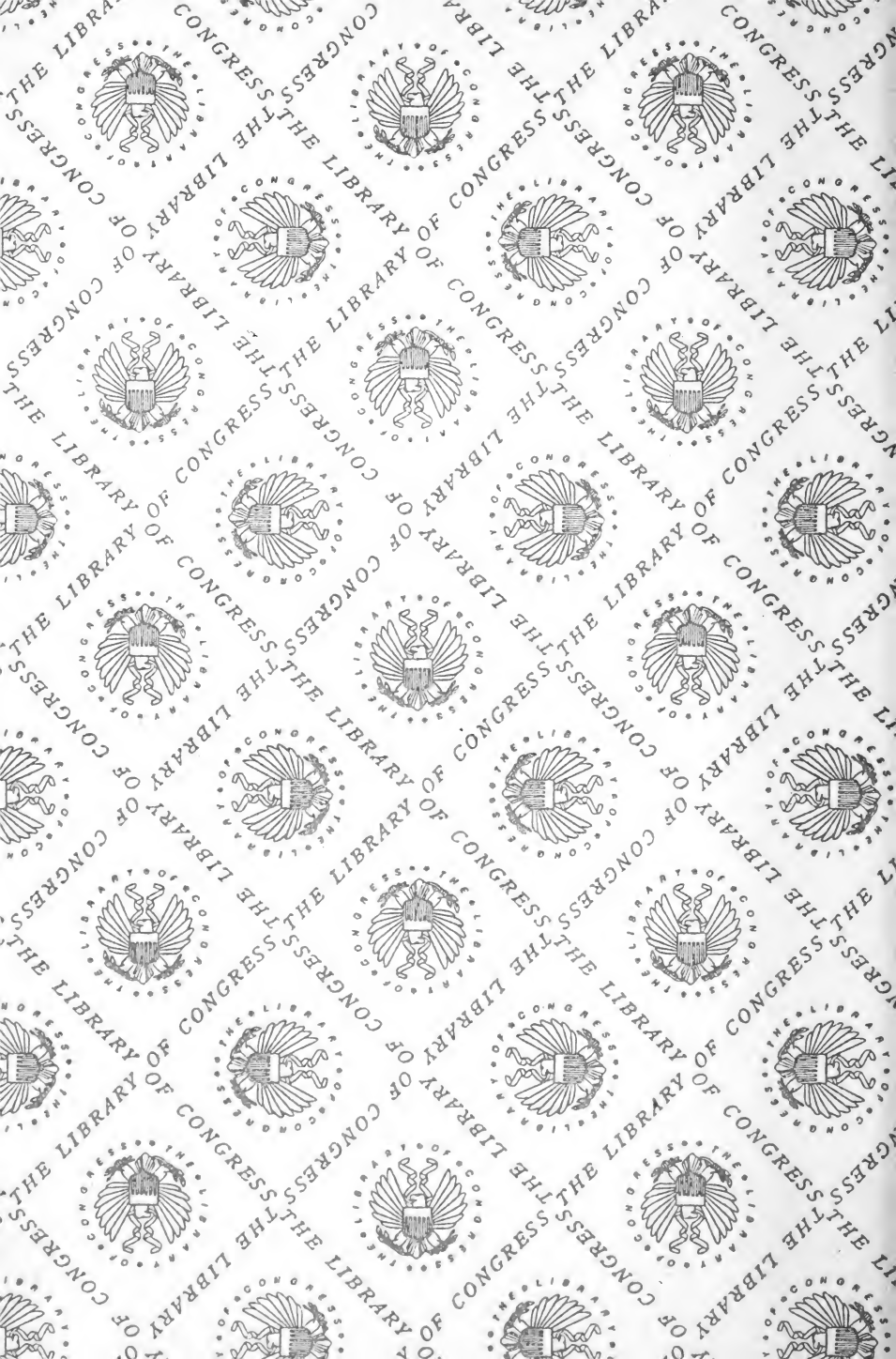
—R. L. M.

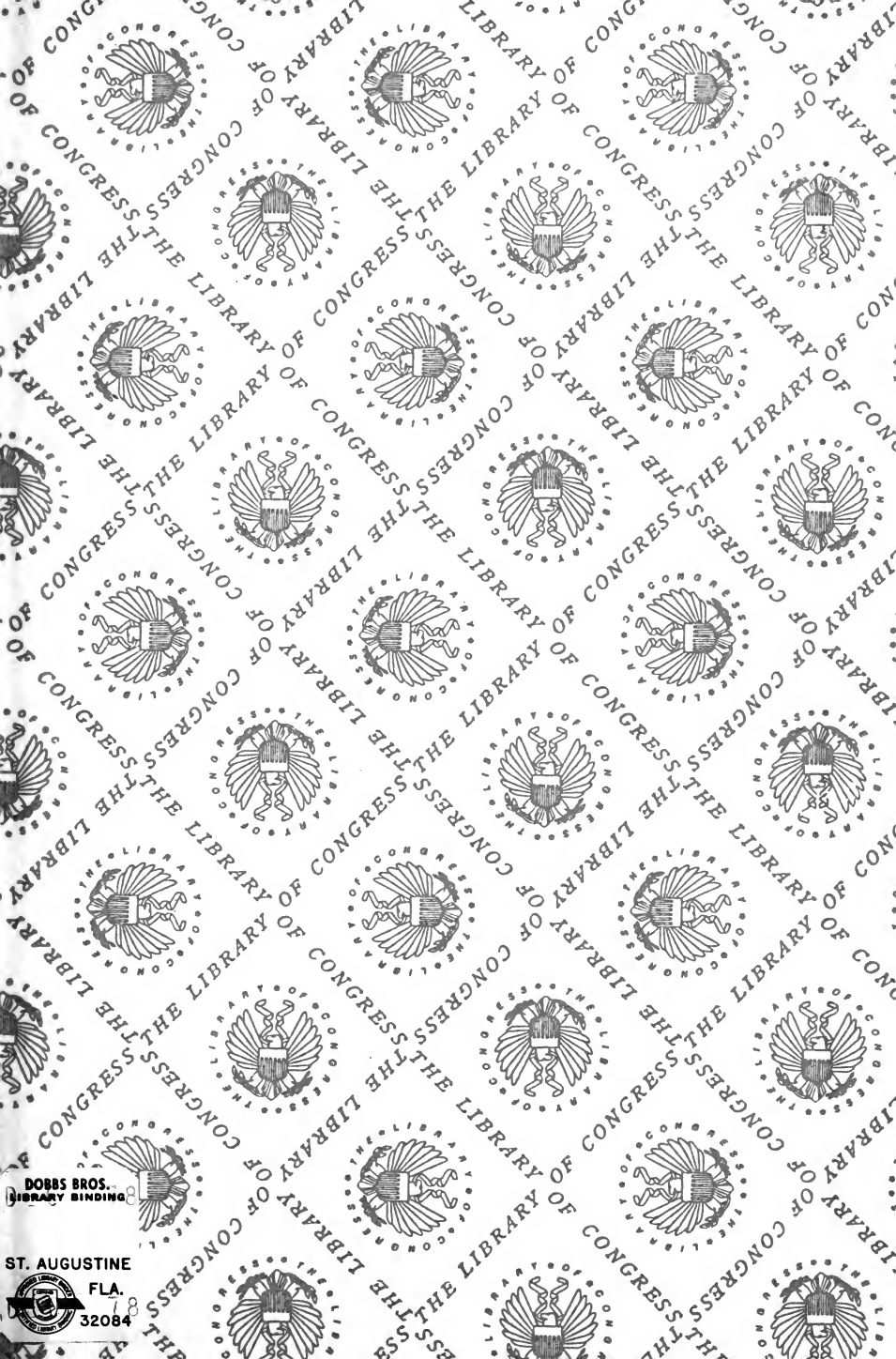
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